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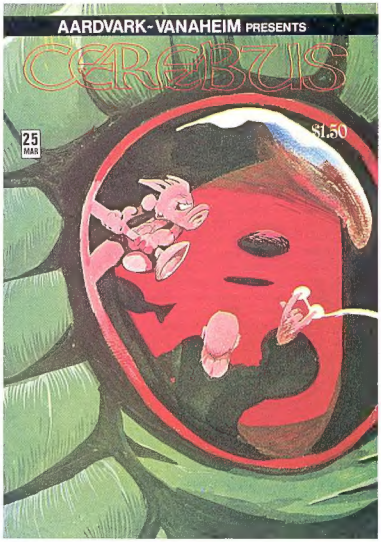
Cerebus

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number twenty-five (1981) in its entirety

November 3, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
November 3, 1989

CIRCULATION
11,500

DAVE SIM
President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California.

A Note from the Publisher

Between issue 24 and issue 25, I went to my first "big-time" hockey game. Because I had always watched the Toronto team on television, I had never before experienced what a hockey crowd is like. It helped my to understand what "Canadianism" is, and why something as unrelated as Cerebus is a truly canadian product.

Dave is a very "Canadian-canadian". He loves watching hockey, he loves the change of the seasons. He especially loves the snow. And he's not that fond of a really warm summer. His viewpoints on politics are from the angle of a Canadian, informed but wary. It seems to me that this book, although not plastered with obvious symbols like maple leaves and such is very canadian in feel.

Cerebus is always cautious and often quite cynical. But these are the things that help him survive. He is, after all, only 3 feet tall, and surrounded by 6 foot beings who could destroy him without being too upset by it. So Cerebus must be clever, not powerful, in order to come out even, let alone ahead. Which is also very canadian. A Canadian is someone who is running, just to stay where he is and feels accomplishment when he does so. He is a survivor. If you read Cerebus carefully, you will see that he too is a survivor. If he comes out ahead, it's never for very long. This issue is a good example of the survivor who knows all the tricks, never misses a beat or loses an opportunity. This, of course, is all hypothesis on my part. I'm not saying Dave is saying all this in Cerebus. I'm not saying he isn't either.

CEREBUS

Vol. 1 No. 25 Feb. 1981

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N2G 1W5

If you want information on Cerebus (news, quotes, etc.) contact our Publicity Agent:

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CEREBUS
bi-weekly

November 3, 1989

The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1984.

continued from Cerebus Bi-weekly #24.

He looked at me as if I was crazy. Which is okay, since he was undoubtedly getting the same look in return.

"The safety is on," he said

"Please take the bullets out, because if you don't, I'm not staying. You've been drinking. I've been drinking. Bill has been drinking and I am not going to sit in a hotel room with two guys just as wasted as I am and a loaded handgun. Call it a phobia".

After much grumbling about wimp Canadians, he complied, opening the cylinder and clattering the bullets onto the table.

I had shot a rifle two or three times in gym class. Grade eleven. The first shot I took, I got a perfect bullseye. From then on, I was lucky if I ever hit the target.

I used to babysit at this one house when I was around fourteen, fifteen years old. They had a few guns up on the wall, including a revolver. I used to take it down and play with it a lot. Spinning the cylinder, cocking the hammer, pulling the trigger. Posing in front of the mirror. It was huge and I had trouble holding it with one hand.

So while Bill and Rick regaled me with horror-stories of trying to get into Canada with "a piece", of how Canadian customs agents ask you right off if you're carrying any kind of weapon registered or unregistered and confiscate it if they find it, I picked up the unloaded gun.

It was more than a little hypocritical, I thought, having just made such a fuss about taking out the bullets. It seemed a more manageable size that the one I used to play with while babysitting. Either it was a smaller gun or I had grown quite a bit --- probably a combination of both. I turned it this way and that, just checking it out from different angles. I opened it and checked to make sure the bullets were gone. Then I closed it and squeezed the trigger a few times. Click. Click. Click. Click. I thought, maybe I should get one. Deni and I live downtown. No telling how safe it is. Just one break-in is all it takes. Then I put the gun down and didn't think about it again.

A little more than a week later, Deni and I were watching television in the apartment. From outside came the sound of four distinct little explosions. We looked at each other and I thought right away about that Saturday night and the unloaded gun. We discussed it a bit and I said I hoped that some asshole hadn't decided it would be fun to fire a few rounds off his balcony. I was thinking of myself, when I said it. If I **had** decided to buy a gun for protection, how long would it have been until I decided just to fire one round off the balcony. Just one. I mean Deni's not home. I won't shoot **at** anything. I'll just do it to see how loud it is. See if it's like in the movies.

Okay, okay. Dumb idea. I won't get one.

A couple of nights later, we heard it again. Four gunshots.

Okay, God. I get the message. No gun.

I was working late in the studio about a week later, finishing up page sixteen of #24. I needed the name of a children's story for Charles X. Claremont to mention in panel three. An allegory that was really a complex spell. I lettered in "Blinky Boar" and tried to think of the second half of a title. For some reason I thought of "Strawberry Fields Forever" and lettered in "and the Strawberry Patch."

I think I was humming "Strawberry Fields Forever" to myself when the news came over the radio.

There's a line in the Stones song "Sympathy for the Devil" y'know? About shouting out "Who Killed the Kennedys?" Well, now, after all.

After all.

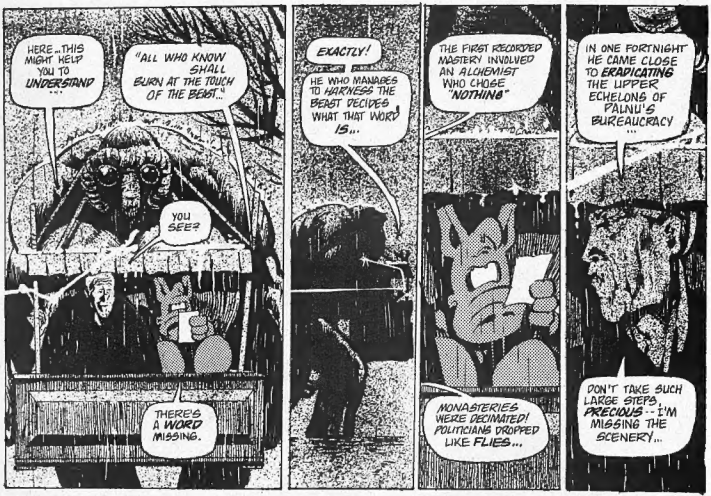
It was you.

And me.

This is a blank page. It appears here for the fourth time.

Cerebus the Aardvark

SPRINGTIME IN LOWER FELDA AND THE RAINS CONTINUE UNABATED...
...HIS LEG HEALED, CEREBUS HAS CHOSEN TO ACCOMPANY PROFESSOR CHARLES X. CLAREMONT ON HIS MISSION OF REVENGE...
...HIS CURIOSITY ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE BEAST WOMAN-THING AND PROFESSOR CHARLES X'S PLAN COMPELS HIM TO TAKE THE LONGER ROUTE TO THE EIGHT BAGS OF GOLD HE HAD HIDDEN BENEATH THE FLOORBOARDS OF A SMALL FARMHOUSE NEAR FLUROC...*
* SEE CEREBUS #17
'AS FOR THE PROFESSOR, HE WELCOMES THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLAIN HIS GENIUS MORE FULLY...
THE LINE OF ENERGY IS MY PSYCHIC LINK WITH KATRINA, THERESA AND JANETTE ...AS LONG AS IT IS MAINTAINED, THEY WILL REMAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED MOTION...
HOW LONG CAN YOU MAINTAIN IT?
FIVE TO TEN YEARS WITH NO LOSS OF STRENGTH OR CONTROL ...
AND THE BIRDS ARE NOT HARMED BY ALL THIS?
QUITE THE CONTRARY... THEY'RE ENJOYING FIVE TO TEN YEARS OF DREAMLESS RELAXED SLEEP..
CEREBUS STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU WANT THIS BEAST TO DO...


HERE...THIS MIGHT HELP YOU TO UNDERSTAND...
"ALL WHO KNOW SHALL BURN AT THE TOUCH OF THE BEAST..."
YOU SEE?
THERE'S A WORD MISSING.
EXACTLY!
HE WHO MANAGES TO HARNESS THE BEAST DECIDES WHAT THAT WORD IS...
THE FIRST RECORDED MASTERY INVOLVED AN ALCHEMIST WHO CHOSE "NOTHING"
MONASTERIES WERE DECIMATED! POLITICIANS DROPPED LIKE FLIES...
IN ONE FORTNIGHT HE CAME CLOSE TO ERADICATING THE UPPER ECHELONS OF PALNU'S BUREAUCRACY...
DON'T TAKE SUCH LARGE STEPS, PRECIOUS -- I'M MISSING THE SCENERY...

THIS WOMAN, THIS THING

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL IN THIS HEMISPHERE ALONE
THE LAST ONE TO ACHIEVE MASTERY WAS PRINCE GIGGE. IN A FIT OF DEPRESSION, HE DECIDED ON THE WORD "ME"
HE WON THE OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT AWARD FROM THE UNSHIB MORTICIANS' GUILD FIVE YEARS IN A ROW
SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF SENSELESS VIOLENCE TO CERBUS,...
IT COULD BE WORSE YOU KNOW -- SUPPOSE A POLITICIAN HAD ACHIEVED MASTERY?
HE'D LIKELY DECIDE ON A WORD LIKE "POVERTY."
OR "UNEMPLOYMENT"
IT'S ONE OF THE MORE PLAUSIBLE SOLUTIONS TO URBAN OVER-CROWDING YOU'D HAVE TO ADMIT...
SO WHAT WORD DID YOU DECIDE ON...?
"FEAR"
I FIGURED I COULD ELIMINATE A LARGE SEGMENT OF THE POPULATION RIGHT AWAY AND GET THE REST WHEN PANIC STARTS TO SPREAD..
THEN WHY ARE YOU GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO GET REVENGE ON YOUR FORMER PEERS?
IT'S SORT OF A TRADITION AMONG THOSE WHO'VE ACHIEVED MASTERY OF THE BEAST...
AN UNCALLED FOR ACT OF SMALL-MINDED AND ACRIMONIUS VENGEANCE...
JUST TO GET THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT...
IF YOU DON'T MIND CERBUS OFFERING AN OPINION -- IT'S HARD TO FIGURE WHAT YOU'LL GET OUT OF THIS DEAL...
PRECIOUS! ONE MOMENT, DEAR!

BESIDES A CHANCE TO WATCH HUMAN BEINGS REDUCED TO SMOLDERING ASHES BY YOUR WALKING EGGPLANT...
A NICE, BIG HOUSE TO LIVE IN...
WHAT?
THERE'S NO REAL REASON TO MAKE THE WHOLE JOURNEY WITHOUT A REST STOP. BESIDES IF I'M GOING TO WREAK HAVOC ON THE COUNTRYSIDE, I'M GOING TO NEED A PLACE TO UNWIND AT NIGHT...
THE CASTLE, HUH?
WHAT IF SOMEONE LIVES THERE?
WE'LL GO IN WITHOUT WOMAN-THING -- IF WE COME ACROSS SOMEONE, WE'LL TELL HIM THERE'S A HORRIBLE MONSTER THAT CHASED US RIGHT UP TO HIS FRONT GATE...
HE'LL TAKE ONE LOOK AT HER -- BECOME PARALYZED WITH FEAR AND...
FFFT!
INCINERATED EX-CASTLE OWNER...
PRECISELY!
AND SO...
HOW MUCH FARTHER IS IT?
WE'RE ALMOST HALFWAY... THINK OF ALL THE EXCITEMENT WHEN STORIES ABOUT WOMAN-THING START BECOMING WIDE-SPREAD...
ANGRY MOBS OF FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS WITH TORCHES AND PITCHFORKS SCREAMING FOR MY BLOOD...
...LED BY LOCAL PRIESTS WITH WOODEN STAKES AND GARLIC-FLAVORED HOLY WATER...
OH HOW I LOVE BEING EVIL!

WE'LL HIDE WOMAN-THING JUST INSIDE THE GATE WHILE WE CHECK OUT THE GROUND FLOOR FOR THE SOON-TO-BE-LATE OWNER...
AND FOR ANY ODD BOTTLES OF ALE WE MIGHT FIND ...
A DRINK -- NOT A BAD THOUGHT, BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST...
PRECIOUS? OVER THIS WAY -- WE HAVE TO HIDE YOU, DEAR...
MAGNIFICENT -- A DEFINITE RELIC OF THE BLACK TOWER PERIOD! MOST SATISFACTORY FOR MY PURPOSES...
WE'LL BRING HIM BACK THIS WAY WITH US DISTRACTING HIM UNTIL HE'S BARELY A FOOT AWAY FROM WOMAN-THING
AND I'LL INSTRUCT HER TO GRAB HIM BY THE THROAT...
IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM JUMP OUT OF HIS SKIN, NOTHING WILL...
I'LL BE DOING HIM A FAVOUR, ACTUALLY -- HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T CARE FOR THE CHANGES I INTEND TO MAKE...
WONDERFUL
GREAT WORKMANSHIP
I'M IMPRESSED!
I REALLY AM...

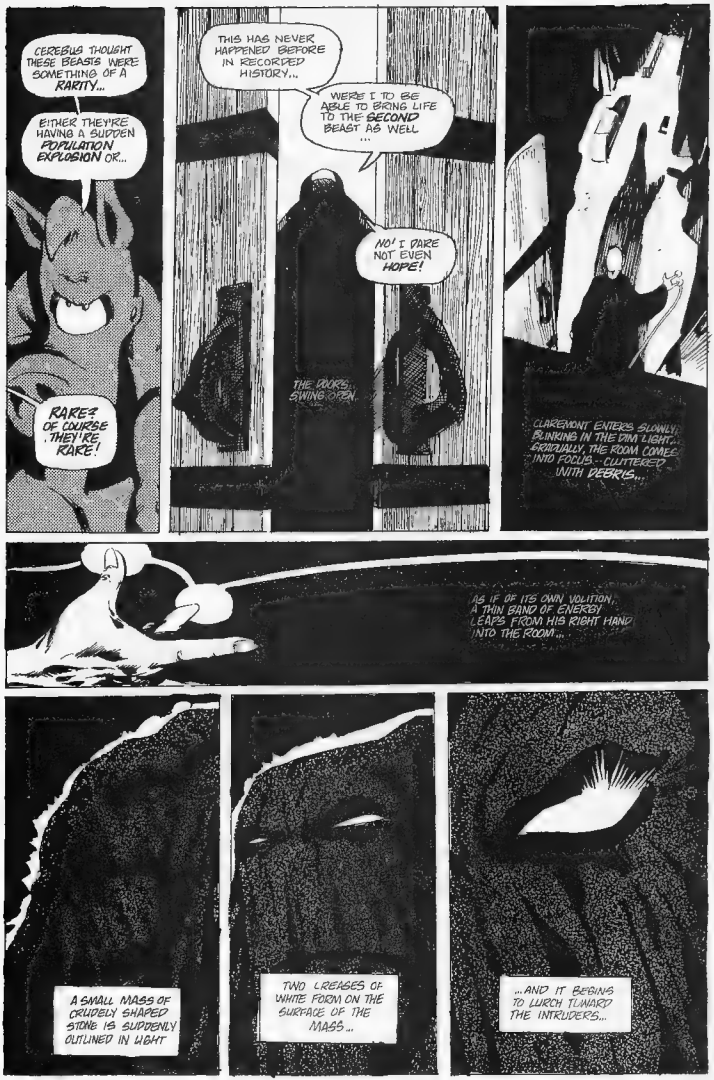
ALL THE DETAIL ON THE HANDS... EVERY TENDON...
AMAZING.
NOT A SEAM SHOWING
WELL?
CEREBUS HASN'T SEEN HIM JUMP OUT OF HIS SKIN, YET.
NOBODY LIKES A SMART GUY AARDVARK...
I'M VERY PLEASED ...
IT LOOKS LIKE ...MUD... OR SLIME OR SOMETHING FROM A DISTANCE ...
YOU'D ALMOST SWEAR IT WAS ALIVE WOULDN'T YOU...?
I'VE TAKEN JUST ABOUT ALL OF THIS I INTEND TO TAKE...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ORDER HIM TO BE FRIGHTENED?
I AM FAR FROM HELPLESS AARDVARK...
IF HE THINKS WOMAN-THING IS LIFE-LIKE NOW...
LET'S SEE HOW HE FEELS ABOUT..
...THIS!!

MWRRR
I'VE GOT A PATRON WHO WOULD GIVE YOU THE KEYS TO HIS MISTRESS' CHASTITY BELT FOR A PIECE OF WORK LIKE THIS ...
LOVES ALL THIS NEW WEIRD STUFF ...
NOT INTO IT M'SELF ...
HE'S IMPRESSED, CLAREMONT
MAYBE YOU SHOULD SETTLE FOR THAT.
THIS IS THE APOCALYPSE BEAST
NOT SOME CLEVER PIECE OF CLOCK-WORK...
IF HE DOESN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO BE TERRIFIED, THEN I SHALL HAVE TO TEACH HIM!
IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YOU YEARS TO LOCATE...
MY BUTLER WILL PREPARE TWO ROOMS...
AND YOU CAN LET ME KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT FOR THE--UH
THING.
I'D KILL MYSELF BEFORE I'D SELL WOMAN-THING ...
OHO! A COLLECTOR!
SORRY, FRIEND-- I HAD YOU PEGGED AS AN IMPORTER OR A DEALER...
WELL, EVEN BETTER...
WE CAN TALK ABOUT OUR COLLECTIONS...
I'LL GET SOME WINE ...
WHY DON'T YOU JUST ACCEPT HIS OFFER AND STAY HERE AS HIS GUEST? ...
NO.
THERE HAS TO BE SOME WAY TO FRIGHTEN HIM..
THINK!
THINK.
THINK.

BACK AGAIN...
I BROUGHT MY THREE LATEST CANVASSES, IN CASE YOU'RE INTO IT...
THINK.
THINK.
THIS IS MY FIFTH VERSION OF THIS PAINTING... IT'S LIKE... AN ALLEGORY, RIGHT? THE MONSTER REPRESENTS THE TEMPTATION OF EVIL THOUGHTS...
THE GIRL REPRESENTS THE BASIC WICKEDNESS OF HUMANITY...
AND HER BREASTS FALLING OUT OF HER DRESS REPRESENT THE DILEMMA FACING THE INDIVIDUAL
I SOLD THE FIRST FOUR VERSIONS TO A MONASTERY..
IN THIS PAINTING, THE GIRL CHAINED TO A WALL REPRESENTS THE REPRESSED NATURE OF THE ORTHODOX TARIMITES MIND
HERE THE BREASTS REPRESENT THE INNER CONFLICT BETWEEN LUST AND ABSTINENCE
CONSEQUENTLY, THEY ARE A GOOD DEAL LARGER THAN THE BREASTS IN THE OTHER PAINTING
I'VE SOLD AROUND FIFTY OF THESE...
I HAVE IT!
I'VE COME UP WITH A PLAN... I'M GOING TO HAVE WOMAN-THING PICK HIM UP AND HOLD HIM OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF BY ONE HAND...
THE MOMENT HE PANICS, HE'LL BE QUICK-FRIED...
ASK HIM WHERE HE KEEPS THE REST OF THE LIQUOR, FIRST...
THIS ONE IS FOR A TREASURY EXECUTIVE IN PALNU. HERE THE BREASTS REPRESENT THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SHORT-TERM PROFIT GOUGING AND NEST-EGG MERCANTILE BANKING...
UNFORTUNATELY, I DIDN'T LEAVE ROOM FOR THE GIRL'S HEAD...
HE TOLD ME TO NOT WORRY ABOUT IT.

DON'T HURT HIM, PRECIOUS...
NOT YET ANYWAY...
YOU CAN'T BEAT BREASTS WHEN IT COMES TO UNIVERSAL SYMBOLS...
I DID BOWLS OF FRUIT FOR YEARS -- YOU EVER TRY USING RIPE BREADFRUIT TO ILLUSTRATE MAN'S INABILITY TO REACH HARMONY WITH HIS ENVIRONMENT...?
IT DOESN'T WORK -- BUT BREASTS! BREASTS WORK! THE FIRST THING PEOPLE ASK IS "WHAT IS THIS? BREASTS?"
YOU SEE? BREASTS OPEN UP A DIALOGUE! THERE IS A NEED TO COMMUNICATE ABOUT BREASTS ...
THEIR FIRST QUESTION IS "WHAT IS THIS"
FORTUNATELY FOR MY BANK ACCOUNT, THEIR SECOND QUESTION IS GENERALLY "CAN YOU DO ONE OF THOSE FOR ME?"
BREASTS ARE EVEN MORE POPULAR THAN MONSTERS! BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT ANY ARTIST WHO IS NOT PUTTING BREASTS IN HIS PAINTINGS IS CUTTING HIMSELF OFF FROM EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE ART-CONSUMING PUBLIC ...
I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU THAT WOMANTHING IS ABOUT TO...
...UH?
DOWN, PRECIOUS!
PUT HIM, DOWN!
THE MONSTER IN THAT PAINTING YOU'RE HOLDING ...
WHAT ABOUT IT?
WHERE DID YOU GET THE IDEA FOR IT?

WHO? HIM?
THAT'S FILBERT.
MY TWELVE-FOOT GREEEN ART OBJECT.
HE'S UPSTAIRS WITH THE REST OF MY REFERENCE COLLECTION...
WHEN I BOUGHT THE PLACE, THEY THREW HIM IN ALONG WITH A SHOWER CURTAIN AND A BENT SAUCE-PAN...
THEN I SUGGEST WE ALL GO UPSTAIRS.
OH, SURE!
I WANT TO GET YOUR OPINION ON MY SEPIAN BEADWORK...
BRING HIM WITH YOU, PRECIOUS
IT REALLY IS VERY NICE OF YOU TO DROP PING BY LIKE THIS ...
I'VE BEEN SPENDING MORE TIME WITH MY COLLECTION LATELY TRYING TO GET AN IDEA FOR ANOTHER THEME FOR MY NEXT PAINTING
SOMETHING MORE THAN BREASTS OR MONSTERS..
NOT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST BREASTS YOU UNDERSTAND ...
I JUST FIGURE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SET MY SIGHTS A LITTLE HIGHER...
...SO TO SPEAK.
HE HAS NO CONCEPTION OF HOW UTTERLY STUPID HE IS...
HE LOOKS ON THIS... "FILBERT"... AS JUST ONE MORE PIECE IN HIS FOOLISH COLLECTION...
IT'S THE DOUBLE DOORS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...
YOU THINK IT'S SOMETHING ELSE?
IF THAT PAINTING IS AN ACCURATE COPY, THERE IS ONLY ONE THING "FILBERT" COULD BE...
... LORD ROTH-SUMP'S ORIGINAL APOCALYPSE BEAST!


CEREBUS THOUGHT THESE BEASTS WERE SOMETHING OF A RARITY...
EITHER THEY'RE HAVING A SUDDEN POPULATION EXPLOSION OR...
RARE? OF COURSE THEY'RE RARE!
THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE IN RECORDED HISTORY...
WERE I TO BE ABLE TO BRING LIFE TO THE SECOND BEAST AS WELL ...
NO! I DARE NOT EVEN HOPE!
THE DOORS SWING OPEN.
CLAREMONT ENTERS SLOWLY, BLINKING IN THE DIM LIGHT. GRADUALLY, THE ROOM COMES INTO FOCUS -- CLUTTERED WITH DEBRIS...
AS IF OF ITS OWN VOLITION, A THIN BAND OF ENERGY LEAPS FROM HIS RIGHT HAND INTO THE ROOM...
A SMALL MASS OF CRUDELY SHAPED STONE IS SUDDENLY OUTLINED IN LIGHT
TWO CREASES OF WHITE FORM ON THE SURFACE OF THE MASS...
...AND IT BEGINS TO LURCH TOWARD THE INTRUDERS...

UH..
CEREBUS?
I SEEM TO BE IN NEED OF SOME PROTECTION..
IMMEDIATELY!
UNH?!
PROTECTION?
CEREBUS THOUGHT YOU KNEW HOW TO HANDLE THOSE THINGS...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS - THIS ISN'T ROTH-SLUMP'S BEAST...
IT'S A SORCEROUS "WATCHEYOR" - UNDOUBTEDLY LEFT BY HIS LORDSHIP TO DEFEND THE BEAST...
IF IT MANAGES TO TOUCH ME, THE RESULTING CATACLYSM COULD REDUCE THIS CASTLE TO RUBBLE ...
I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR A MORE ELABORATE EXPLANATION
NOW, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET CRUSHED BY A...
RIGHT.
BUT, IF CEREBUS EVER FINDS OUT YOU JUST MADE ALL THAT UP..
"ONE SHARP BLOW BETWEEN THE EYES..."
"SHOULD JUST ABOUT..."
"GO..."

THE EARTH-PIG BLINKS SEVERAL TIMES AS HE RISES! IN THE DIM LIGHT, ONE OF THE LARGER FRAGMENTS APPEARS TO...
MOVE!
SMAK
uh...
CEREBUS?
I HATE TO SEEM LIKE A PEST...
PEST? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS - THERE'S NOTHING CEREBUS LIKES BETTER THAN BASHING AWAY AT FLYING ROCKS...
TARIM

CRAK
YOU KNOW WHAT CERBUS THINKS?
NATURALLY, I AM GRATEFUL THAT YOU PROTECTED ME ...
BUT TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST; NO... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK...
NOR DO I CARE TO
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP MY BEADWORK COLLECTION
AS SOON AS I LIGHT THIS TORCH..
...YOU CAN GET A BETTER LOOK AT IT ...
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE THE...UH...
"TO SEE "FILBERT" FIRST...
OH, HEY--SURE!
HE'S UNDER THAT COVER OVER THERE
IT'LL TAKE ME A WHILE TO DIG OUT THE BOXES, SO HELP YOURSELF ...
LOOK NOW, PRECIOUS, ON THE FACE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL THE BEASTS YET MANIFESTED ...
LORD ROTH-SUMP'S ...

SUMP
THING

SO HOW...?
QUIET!
IM.
CONCENTRATING
I--
--I'VE DONE IT!
HE'S MINE! SUMP-THING IS...
..MINE!
NOW, THOSE WHO HAVE HOUNDED ME WITHOUT REASON...
THOSE WHO HAVE MOCKED MY IDEAS AND DENIED MY ACHIEVEMENTS...
NOW SHALL THE WORLD ITSELF...
...TREMBLE AT THE MENTION OF PROFESSOR CHARLES X. CLAREMONT...
...THE MASTER OF THE TWO BEASTS!"

CLAREMONT A MAN AMONG MEN WHO STANDS HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE ALL...
...OTHERS.
UH
"HELP"
RARR
MWR
K-SLUK

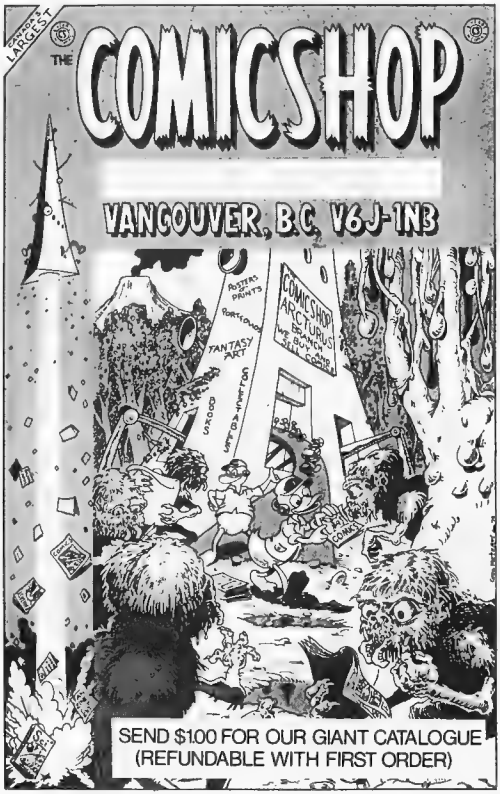
SPLOT
GAA
HEY- SORRY I TOOK SO LONG - I FORGOT THAT I HAD CATALOGUED THE BEADWORK AT THE SAME TIME AS MY FOREIGN COINS AND THE SYSTEM WAS ...
OH WOW!
THAT'S IT!
SPLUP
UMPH!
THAT'S THE THEME I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR: "MAN THE ETERNAL INNOCENT"
"...BATTERED, BUMPED AND BRUISED BY FORCES BEYOND HIS CONTROL..."
ALL THAT AND ENORMOUS GREEN BREASTS AS WELL! THE ART-BUYING PUBLIC WILL LOVE IT!
RARE MWR
MY SKETCHBOOK! WHERE IS MY SKETCHBOOK...

RARRMWWRRARRARMWR
SLUP
I FOUND IT
I FOUND IT!
SLUK
PLOOK
CEREBUS IS TRULY THRILLED FOR YOU.
RARMWRRRARRAMWRRAMWRRRRRRR
SHLUP
SKETCH A SKETCH
GREAT STUFF!
SLEP
-KINDA SKRETCH
JUST GREAT!
PLUP
SKUTCH SKETCH SKA-ITCH
IT'S AWE-INSPIRING, YOU KNOW?
SLOOP
SKA-KITCH KITCH KITCH
TWO CREATURES THAT LARGE BATTLING EACH OTHER...
RRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SLUPSLUPSLUPSLUPSLUPSLUPSLUPS
"BATTLING?"
CEREBUS PRESENT THINK "BATTLING" ...
..IS QUITE THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
RIP RIP RIP RIP RIP
I CAN'T DO A PAINTING OF THAT!
THE CHURCH OF TARIM WOULD HAVE ME HANGING UPSIDE-DOWN ON A DUNGEON WALL BEFORE THE PIGMENT WAS DRY..
SLUPSLUP

CEREBUS HAS GOT TO GET GOING...
GOOD LUCK SCRAPING UP WHAT'S LEFT OF CLAREMONT
OH, WOW.
HOW INSENSITIVE OF ME -- THAT GUY WAS YOUR FRIEND!
AND I'M ACTING LIKE HE WAS JUST A PIECE OF REFERENCE MATERIAL
I FEEL JUST AWFUL...
CAN I, LIKE, YOU KNOW... MAKE IT UP TO YOU... OR SOMETHING...
YOU CAN STAY HERE FOR A FEW DAYS -- I MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO FIND YOU A JOB!
DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU CLAREMONT WAS JUST ...
OR I COULD GIVE YOU SOME MONEY!
AS CEREBUS WAS ABOUT TO SAY, CLAREMONT WAS JUST ABOUT THE BEST FRIEND THAT AN AARDVARK EVER HAD!
OH, WOW I HAD NO IDEA!
WOULD A POUCH OF GOLD HELP IN ANY WAY?
CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE'S GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO MRS. CLAREMONT AND THE SIX LITTLE CLAREMONTS BIGH?
EIGHT POUCHES OF GOLD! TAKE THEM...
PLEEEASE
I FEEL SO GUILTY!!
WELL - AS LONG AS YOU INSIST...
THAT GOLD SERVING TRAY WOULD CERTAINLY CHEER UP THE WIDOW CLAREMONT ...
TAKE IT!
...AND HOW MANY TIMES HAS LITTLE NELL SAID "PLEASE UNCLE CEREBUS -- BRING ME HOME A FOOT-TALL JADE CARVING..."
TAKE IT! TAKE IT!
AND THIS OVER HERE ...

Cerebus
bi-weekly
November 3, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 25



CEREBUS
bi-weekly
November 3, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 25

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This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 25

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dear Dave, Deni, and Cerebus,

I have been an avid collector of comics and I have realized that most comic books are handled in a slipshod manner, with little regard to the plot and script. In the case of one sword and sorcerious hero you can, obviously, see that the writer just changes the name, place, and foe to be battled to create a new story. Fortunately, I run across this problem rarely. But a more frequent problem is the use of unrealistic scripts that make the characters speak in an abnormal manner to fill in holes in the storyline. But in spite of the sometimes annoying faults of comics, they still are my main source of entertainment and as collectables they sure beat stamps.

Until recently I have overlooked a wonderful facet of this media, underground comics and so-called "fan" publications. My first excursion into uncommercial comics was Elfquest, a truly great comic whose only problem is the rate at which it is produced. But that doesn't matter I'd wait as long as I have to to get an issue. Elfquest cured me of my doubts about the quality of such publications.

I discovered a recommendation of Cerebus in my Moondance catalog and my curiosity was aroused. So the next time I was at my local comic specialty shop, FantaCo, I bought a copy of issue eleven and I was amazed at its quality of art and humor. Panel four on page 6 had me laughing until my sides ached. I like few humor magazines and I was surprised when I found myself being compelled to buy every other issue available. I now have 6 issues and I haven't been disappointed yet. I am now shelling out sheckles to get issues of the adventures of my favorite EarthPig, sword swinging Cerebus.

It looks like I'm hooked on his stoic, cynical witticisms and charming personality I can't wait to get my hands on the reprint of issues one through four. By the way, when are we going to hear more about it?

I hope Cerebus becomes the first comic in history to make it to 1000.

A Fellow Aardvarkian,
David Niles
16 Chaundroy Lane
Averill Park, N Y.
12018

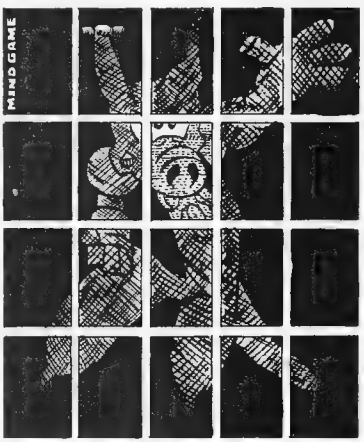
"Uncommercial" comics? I've heard a lot of names for it, but this has to rank as one of my least favorite . . . I think I understand what you meant, though.

Dear Dave,

I am a new fan of Cerebus I went into my favorite comic book store with 2 of my friends. As they were looking at the latest issues of Elfquest I walked to the other side of the store. Then something caught me eye. It appeared to be "an aardvark wearing a furry black shirt" walking down some stairs with a guy that looked something like Groucho Marx (issue # 16 to be exact). It looked interesting so I bought it. And I fell in love with the little guy. I love the writing and the art work. I heard something about a Cerebus book, is it true?

Your friend (and fan)
Dave Joplin
2104 N. W. 29th
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
73107

Many thanks for the kind words. Next time bring your friends to the other side of the store with you, okay?



GREAT WASTERS FROM HISTORY NOT COUNTING DAVE SIM.

No.2. George 'Beau' Brummell 1778-1840 - the Single Page Version

George was first and greatest of the 'Dandies' - a poet of cloth, a man whose life and work consisted in the wearing of clothes.

His old man was just a valet who by his obsequiousness was able to salt away a fortune ample enough to get George educated at Eton, then Oxford.

At Oxford George distinguished himself by the way he tied his cravat

A skilled and witty flatterer, he wriggled his way into the best circles, where he came to the notice of the daffy Prince Regent, monarch of Britain.

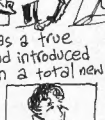
The Prince invited George to join the Royal Regiment, assuring him a splendid career.

George wriggled out of the regiment when it was to be sent north to put down riots in the cotton mills.

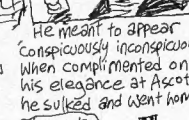
The Prince Graciously understood how this would curtail George's social rounds -

(Notice that 'Prinny' now dresses like our George)

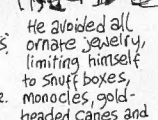
George was a true original and introduced to fashion a total new concept of male elegance



He meant to appear 'conspicuously inconspicuous'. When complimented on his elegance at Ascot he sulked and went home.



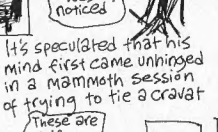
He avoided all ornate jewelry, limiting himself to snuff boxes, monocles, gold-headed canes and matched fobs -



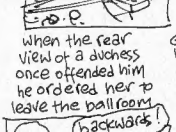
He made 'trousers' henceforth the essential male garb

He'd buff up his boots with champagne froth -

It's speculated that his mind first came unhinged in a mammoth session of trying to tie a cravat



When the rear view of a duchess once offended him he ordered her to leave the ballroom backwards!



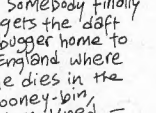
George cements his downfall with a social gaff against the Prince

His creditors begin to lean on him and at age 38 he flees to France, the last recourse of all true wasters -

He lives for another 25 years in sordid poverty

At the end, here he is receiving famous ghosts in a cheap lodging house in Caen.

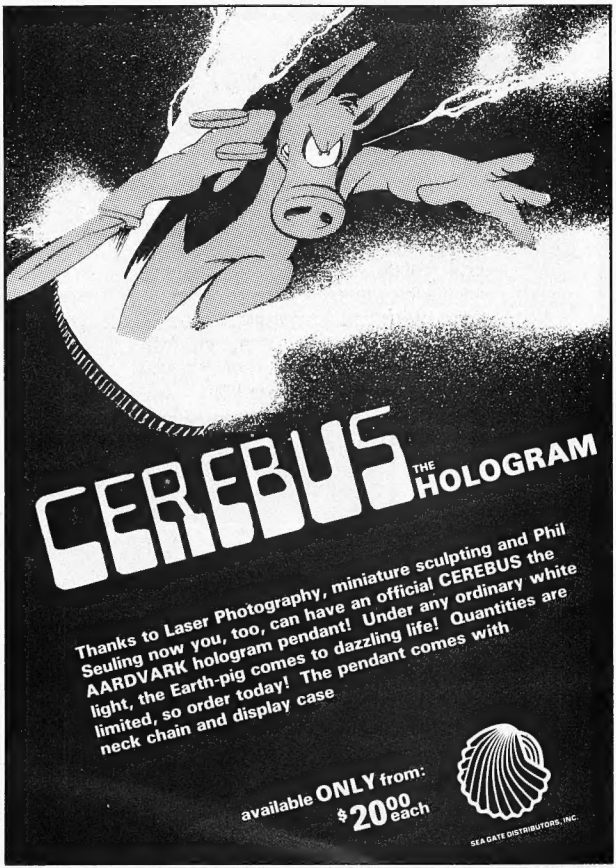
Somebody finally gets the daft bugger home to England where he dies in the looney-bin unmourned -



dar Eddie Campbell '89

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT ?
BLIMEY! WHAT A SPECIMEN. COME AND LOOK AT THIS YOU GUYS.
THE SINGLE PAGE
DOOG '89
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS ONE.
ODD CLOTHING.
DON'T LOOK NORMAL TO ME. WHAT DO YOU THINK TOMMY ?

This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 25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